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the whole, I strongly recommend the system to the public attention.
A.Z.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,
YOUR correspondent "Vaccinator," in your Magazine for February last, professes a firm belief in the powerful efficacy of so useful a discovery to the human race, as the Cow-pock Vaccination; he says, "In many parts, the small-pox inoculation is still used, to the manifest danger of all children within the reach of so virulent a disorder." He farther says, "Should not the legislature and the magistracy interpose with a powerful hand, to stop the progress of such an evil?" I will not say that "Vaccinator" may not be actuated by good motives towards mankind; but I am rather led to think he may be biassed by interest. He may be a military gentleman, a landlord, a rector, a tax-gatherer, or a surgeon; as all men of these professions receive emolument and honour from the increase of population.

But of what use is so valuable a discovery as the cow-pock, to a poor man, in the present state of affairs? It cannot contribute to his happiness to see his fellow creatures the tools and slaves of the persons whom I have before enumerated. Of what advantage is it to the poor man to hear that his son, to support and educate whom, he has wasted his strength, and often deprived himself of the common necessities of life, is cut to pieces by the cannon-shot of these whom his prince's ambition leads him to imagine an enemy; or torn to atoms by the springing of a mine; or lying in a watery grave by the sinking of a ship? If, by chance, he escape all of these dire-

ful evils, and returns, with the loss of his limbs or health, to his poor, aged father, who is no longer able, by his industry, to support him, and whose hours of heavy labour had been cheered with the pleasing idea, that in his old age his son would in return be *his support*. The feelings of a heart torn with the remembrance of former endearments to his child, are blasted, and his hopes become as an ignis-fatuus to the forlorn midnight wanderer; and all this is occasioned by the ambition of such tyrannical despots as Bonaparte.

How happy would such a father have felt in laying his child in the grave, even under that disagreeable disorder the small-pox! He would have been satisfied at least, that had his child died in infancy, he had remained clear of the crime of losing his life, limbs, or health, in the attempt to shed the blood of his fellow-creatures.

The ambition of princes always rises in proportion to the numbers they can bring to the field; and where can be the utility of arming ambition for the scourge of mankind? Were this the age of peace and good-will among all ranks and nations, vaccine inoculation would have been one of the greatest blessings ever discovered. But in the present rage for war, it can be of no use, except to furnish tools for despotism.

The four hundred negro slaves, landed at Mozambique, as reported in your November Magazine, were all safely inoculated; but for what? the galling whip of the unfeeling driver!

When I view the many thousands collected by the potentates of Europe, for no other end than to open a scene of bloodshed and massacre, I exclaim, "Unhappy victims of despotism! how well would it have been for you, had you died in

that "virulent disorder, the small-pox," or any other disorder that would have prevented you from imbruing your hands in the blood of your fellow creatures ! Until such a system be abolished by the blessing of a speedy and permanent peace, I think the small-pox a blessing instead of a grievance.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your humble Servant,
A BIGOT.

February 15, 1814.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

THERE are many in this world, who live as if the present was to be their only state of existence, and who, in spending the short time allotted to them here, suppose themselves completely fulfilling the end for which they were designed. They are, in general, so taken up with their favourite schemes and pursuits as to leave but very little time indeed for serious reflection upon their more momentous, their eternal concerns. When their leisure permits them to indulge a thought upon their everlasting welfare, it generally leaves them more averse to any speculations upon it, than it found them. Many indeed, by intense application to their worldly concerns, in a great measure obliterate, if not totally erase the finer feelings of their nature, and become completely callous and insensible to any enlarged or generous emotions. These from their nature being directly opposite to their predominant passion, and their impossibility of being reconciled or rendered subservient to it, are carefully hushed and extinguished, and every thing tending to rouse or excite them studiously avoided. Their conduct proceeds from the implicit obedience which they yield to the dictates of this passion, by which at

the same time they are soothed into the belief, that happiness cannot possibly be obtained without the most abject submission to its demands. Happiness has always been an object of the most diligent search amongst mankind, and though invariably the same, yet we find many very different courses taken by its votaries to secure it ; whilst but a very few indeed are able to become its real possessors.

The many different means employed to obtain happiness, may be attributed to the very different species of genius and ambition possessed by those who seek after it, whilst but a very few indeed, if any of these means are at all calculated to procure the desired end. The schemes which are adopted by mankind for securing happiness, appear at first sight so excellently adapted for that purpose, as not to require any scrupulous examination, their superiority being evident from their very appearance. Thus, the miser seems to the superficial observer to have really obtained what is the object of his search, by the gratification which he displays whilst counting his long hoarded riches. In the same manner the conduct of the cruel and ambitious tyrant would persuade us that real happiness cannot possibly be found without absolute power, or without the exercise of the most unlimited and unjust authority. Others again both by precept and example, would enforce the necessity of having their name immortalized, in some way or other, before they could in justice lay any claim to the possession of happiness. Of the different classes of mankind who are perpetually seeking after happiness, there are few more numerous or more despicably miserable, than those who place too great a value upon riches. Wealth, when properly hoarded and possessed by